

NEWS from the  
**P R E S S :**  
OR, THE  
**BLACK DEVIL**  
CONJURED.  
BEING A  
**SATYR**  
Against  
**SCRIBLING.**

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*Scripturiendi Pruritus Scabies Seculi :*

----Those who write, because all write have still,  
The same plea for writing, and for writing ill.

*Doctor Donn.*

---

With Allowance.

---

Printed in the Year, 1673.

NEW 2 from the

P R E S S

OR, THE

BLACK DEVIL

COMBINED

B O L D A



S A T Y R

Against

SCRIBBLING

Scripturae et Picturae Scribis Scitulis:

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The following is a list of the names of the  
persons who have been employed in the  
printing of this work.

Doct. Down.

Printed by

Printed in the Year, 1673.



Papers Complaint:  
 OR, A  
 SATYR  
 Against  
 SCRIBLING.

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*Scripturiendi Pruritus Scabies Seculi.*

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**P**atience be gone, what Stoick can refrain,  
 From Transport of a generous disdain?  
 When Segniour Sap, and whiffling Spruce Invade  
 The Press, and Scribling is become a Trade.  
 By which each self-conceited Fop essays  
 To Perriwig his empty skul with Ba's,  
 Wits, Half-wits, no-wits, Learn'd, Unlearn'd in spight  
 Of Art and Nature, all presume to Write,  
 From the brave *Ladreat*, to the chaunting *White*,  
 It takes us, for our lives we can't refrain,  
 So general's the looseness in the Brain:  
 Remarques, Animadversions, Songs, Essays,  
 Lampoons, Reflections, Farces, dam'd dull Plays;

A

Long

P.B. 47.

Pa

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Long-winded Letters, Answers, and Replies,  
With endless, well as senseless Drolleries,  
So fast and thick on every Scall are spread,  
We may esteem them happy, cannot Read.

One Writes for Fame, and thinks the Devils in't,  
If he Commence not Wit, that's Fool in Print,  
Command of *Mist* draws in another throng,  
*Phyllis* and *Cloris* thus came first in Song:  
Some with old wonders bubble the fond Town,  
Brib'd with vast hopes of promised Half-crown  
Or take news for their Hackney-muses Theam,  
And vent lyes fast as Gazet of *Harleem*:  
Oh! for a lumping Scold they cry,  
Condemn's fine Princess or *Duval* to dye:  
Who after they have paid the Hang-mans fees,  
Must suffer far more cruelly by those:  
From Collar-band to haunting Pantaloons,  
We List our selves Parnassian Dragons:  
This *Bo* fore-saw, and being quite apamp'd cry,  
Huddles himself in blind obscurity,  
Where over nappy Ale he chews the Cud,  
On Jest that in King *James's* days were good:  
Since him, some stories sprung up, who (might it be)  
Write even more Impertinently than he:  
Red-Lattice Scriblers, whose dul Rhymes do flow,  
Just as the inspiring tap runs, high or low:  
Peace croaking Smith-field, spawn no more, have done,  
Your tatter'd vermin, Frogs of *Hollison*!

But why, Green-sickness muse! feed'st thou on Trash,  
More fit for Beadles than a Satyr's lash!  
Unbend a while, and scornittg Gawdy bribe,  
Unmask the follies of a Silken Tube:  
That learned rabble, whose humour outdoes  
The *Burghers* nonsense, and the clouted shoes,

Who

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Who manage their Polemicks at such rate,  
Each Author seems Commenc'd at *Biting*,  
Our Mountain Wits, big of a Mouse-ye in,  
And for a Birth produce a sower kin:  
As quarelsome Divines so long Dispute,  
Dark Texts, and one another still Confute.  
Till greener Heads viewing each sides defeat,  
Rashly conclude their whole Doctrine a Cheat;  
So through the Factions of a Numerous Crew,  
(Who Laugh at all that's old, and Dam what's new)  
About this Wit such dreadful Wars befall,  
That wiser men suspect, they're none at all,  
Or that 'tis grown the Philosophers stone,  
Which all pretend, yet is produc'd by none.  
Cats, Rats, and Savage Stags once in a Trice,  
Turn'd as great Hec's, as *Homers* Frogs and Mice;  
A furious Contest for a while grew hot,  
Betwixt the Urinal and Gally-pot:  
And made some luckless Reams by that abuse,  
Fit only for their purging patients use:  
The Brave Society soon after felt,  
And stood the Shock of a more furious pelt,  
The politicks came next into dispute,  
And Dröllery had struck poor *Jo. muse*,  
But that a brisk second slept in, and then,  
*Pelmel* they carry on the work agen:  
Contempt of Clergy made a noble Rumble,  
But to please Countrey Parson that did grumble:  
He shifts the Scene, since each Collar's his Man,  
Hey for our Town! Have at *Leviathan*,  
The Rota to no purpose Venome Spit,  
For that was Answer'd long before 'twas writ.

By Scatter'd Penny-books, some Scriblers try,  
How Souls will Thrive on mine'd Divinity,

Some

Some Hail-shot pamphlets pass from the Stairs;  
 Of those brave Souls that but a Paper Hero  
 Squirt forth against the Pope, with his own  
 The folly dwells in a Transitory way.  
 Most weed old Authors from whose Miras they bring,  
 Like Taylors Cushion some fine pie-bald thing  
 So the Jay struts it in her borrowed plumes;  
 So Bankrupts swagger, with encrusted Sums  
 If any in our low degenerate Age  
 With Sock or Buskin, Court the thriveing Stage;  
 Our Natural Follies higher to advance,  
 Five Acts are stuf't with Rudeness Song and Dance.  
 Unhappy times! when what should Physick be,  
 Turns Poyson and augments the Melady:  
 As Condemn'd Prisoner at the Bar half dead,  
 Himself prompts one stands next and cannot read,  
 And thereby saves his life, so these do give,  
 (Though starve themselves) others means how to live,  
 And Booksellers grown rich, can proudly ride,  
 Whilst their poor Authors Lacquey by their side,  
 The lazy Belly its State to Maintain,  
 Imposes Contributions on the Brain.  
 When Colon Croaks, 'tis time to take the Pen,  
 Your pardon Sirs! Subjects are plenty then:  
 If Game-cock beat, or Madams Patrat dye,  
 There's one Panegyrick, and one Elegy.

Mean while poor paper takes no more pite to see,  
 Her self thus Tortur'd by their Cruelty;  
 Must I she crys have my Innocent Press,  
 Thus Blur'd and sullied by the fluxing Press,  
 The Press, vile Engine! which more hurt hath done,  
 Than Hells invention of the murthering Gun:  
 Shall every wanton witty Pop one meets  
 Soil with his Surquedries my chaster sheets?

Better

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Better those wrags to which my birth I ow'd,  
Had been before in Surgeons Lint bestow'd;  
Better should long short-handed Sermons fill,  
My strutting leaves scrawl'd out by greasie will,  
Or petty Foggers Green-bag Jayl me close,  
With Lattin that's enough for purging Dose :  
To light Tobaccø, enshrine Soap, or wrap  
Up nasty stinking Bolus for a clap.

Be't what it will I suffer, the lin's lefs,  
Than for to be the prostitute o'th Press.



**FINIS.**

